

The
Young Reefer

Farce in two acts

By
George Soane. A.D.

1835

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R. Cruikshank, Del.

G. W. Bonner, Sc.

The Young Reefer.

Julian. Now, then, gentlemen, are you both ready? One—two—three! Fire!

Act II. Scene 1.

To be returned by
Miss C. Carter

THE YOUNG REEFER :

A FARCE,

In Two Acts,

BY GEORGE SOANE, A. B.

Author of Faustus, Falls of Clyde, Der Freischutz, Grey the Collier, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF
THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As now performed at the

METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

By MR. BONNER, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre by
MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON :

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

TO

MRS. NISBETT,

This Trifle,

THE HASTY PRODUCTION OF TWO DAYS,

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

AS A SIMPLE, BUT SINCERE, TOKEN OF ESTEEM

FOR HER TALENTS AND EXERTIONS,

BY HER OBLIGED FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

REMARKS.

The Young Reefer.

WE delight in infantine vivacity, provided we are not the subject of its pranks; and are doatingly fond of other people's children, *because* we can promptly get rid of them. We prefer going out to such pleasures, rather than introducing them, like the gallantee-show, into our own parlour; and are at all times highly gratified to see the sportive little darlings kick the shins of their proper kindred, our own being somewhat of the tenderest. We have no objection to a theoretical joke, even though the laugh should be against us; but "*practise* makes us mad," when the fun comes upon us in the shape of chairs, tables, and crockery ware, rattling about our ears. How merrily were these stage-properties put in motion by Mrs. Jordan, in the joyously mischievous days of Little Pickle!—days that we almost despaired of ever seeing again, when Mrs. Nisbett revived some partial recollections of them, in her clever exhibition of the Young Reefer.

Mr. Soane has a strong claim on our kind wishes and commiseration, on the score of his talents and misfortunes. The former, we have done our best to bring before the public; the latter lie beyond our reach. Indeed, nothing but the immediate interposition of the great Searcher of hearts can soften a stern and obdurate spirit. Gracious Heaven! *not forgive*, knowing of how much we stand in need of being forgiven? 'Tis the very climax of inhumanity and dotage! What!—

“Unforgiving, unforgiven—*die*?”

Master Julian, a young midshipman, having got leave of absence from his captain, pays a dutiful visit to Sir Marmaduke Western, the sometime Mayor of Southampton.—His first freak is to fall in love with his pretty cousin, Miss Lucy, who politely returns the compliment; and his next, to put *Moll Thompson's* mark (M T) upon sundry dozens of choice old hock, which the mayor had hoped to keep

for his particular drinking. The young lady is in hourly expectation of seeing two lovers, cousins also—Mr. Simon Penny, linen-draper, of the Golden Fleece in Cheapside; and Mr. Pestle, an apothecary in professional coat and vest, and black silk continuations! She is to take her choice of the two Strephons, both being ready and willing to wed a pretty lass with ten thousand of the ready. Mr. Penny arrives at his inn, where he proposes to take his case, previous to paying Sir Marmaduke a visit; when Master Julian, assisted by Barney Fagan, an Irish quarter-master, causes him to be hurried off by a press-gang; and then, disguised as the said Simon, waits upon his uncle, as the bridegroom expectant. The ruling passion coming suddenly upon him, he knocks off the old gentleman's spectacles; and, in the midst of the confusion, the true Penny is announced, when Sir Marmaduke discovers how neatly he has been fooled by the dear little scapegrace!—To complete this part of the joke, Mr. P. gets soundly caned by his quondam counterfeit; who beards (as far as his smooth chin will allow him!) the infuriated mayor, dodging him round the table, and knocking down all the moveables that stand in his way.

Master Julian then sets the linen-draper and the apothecary by the ears. Pestle listens with fear and trembling to a trumped-up story of the belligerent linen-draper's pugnacious propensities; and the son of Æsculapius he gulls with a similar fable, touching a challenge which the tape-and-bobbin man has commissioned him to deliver. Simon Penny is a cockney, and has no fight in him, but lots of apology: Mr. Fagan, his second elect, cannot brook an apology, but insists on an exchange of shots. Simon, naturally enough, inquires what he is likely to *get* by the exchange. He is recommended to pluck up heart: no occasion for *that*—'tis already in his mouth! The apothecary, too, has his misgivings;—the rivals are, however, brought into the field: Simon fires—blank cartridge!—Pestle falls—by instinct!—and the draper, to avoid being hanged for the murder, makes the best of his way off.—Master Julian's next exploit (after being forbid his uncle's house) is to climb over the wall into the garden, fling the wooden old hermit, that stands sentry to frighten away the sparrows, into the well, and to mount the vacant pedestal, in the reverend scarecrow's frock and coat! Sir Marmaduke, who is somewhat of an horticulturist, and prides himself upon his fruits and flowers, begins to draw water from

the well, in order to promote irrigation ; when, to his horror and wonderment, he fishes up the dripping anchorite, standing bolt upright in the bueket !—and, to complete his dismay, receives the ghostly benediction of the monk, bawled out from the window of his own castle, together with refusal of ingress, mortal defiance, and a shower of garden pots at his head, filled with his rarest and most costly exotics ! The nautical young limb now takes off his sacerdotal habiliments, which he claps on a plaster of Paris Venus, that ornaments the library, cuts the weights of a precious old family time-piece, and enseouces himself in the cloak-case. Sir Marmaduke, having broken into his house, takes the Brummagem Venus for the young culprit, aims a well-directed and desperate blow at its seonee, and decapitates it. At this moment, a Dutche doggerman, one Mynheer Heinduck, or Hen-and-ducks, a smuggling confederate of the mayor's, informs him that a rich cargo of contraband goods is safely stowed in the old hiding-place in the garden, and, at the same time, drops the invoice of the forbidden treasure. This, Julian, emerging from his place of concealment, picks up. The finale may be easily guessed : the old mayor, finding himself so completely in the toils of the young tar, consents to his union with the lady of his ehoice.

Mrs. Nisbett played the Young Reefer with excellent spirit ; she was as mischievous and merry as the warmest admirer of Little Pickle could wish. The choleric knight, the draper, the apothecary, and the Irish quarter-master, were all humorously represented—the latter, in particular, by Mr. Barnett ; and Miss Lucy fully justified the good opinion of her three lovers, in the person of Miss Mordaunt.



D.—G.

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at the Queen's Theatre, April 27, 1835.

<i>Sir Marmaduke Western (Mayor of Southamptton)</i>	} Mr. Hamerton.
<i>Julian (a young Midshipman, his Nephew)</i>	
<i>Captain Heinduck</i>	Mr. Forbes.
<i>Mr. Pestle (an Apothecary)</i>	Mr. Huckle.
<i>Simon Penny (a Linen-Draper)</i>	Mr. Collier.
<i>Barney Fagan (an Irish Quarter-Master)</i>	} Mr. Barnet.
<i>Jacob (Servant to Sir Marmaduke)</i> ..	
<i>Boots</i>	Mr. Bishop.
<i>Tapster</i>	Mr. Santer.
<i>Sailors</i>	Messrs. Moore, Alexander, and Gilling.
<i>Lucy Western (Daughter of Sir Marmaduke)</i>	} Miss Mordaunt.

The Scene lies in Southampton.

Costume.

SIR MARMADUKE WESTERN.—Old man's brown suit—full curled powdered wig.

JULIAN.—*First dress*: Midshipman's uniform and sword—round hat—black cane. *Second dress*: Drab great coat, buttoned up close—narrow high-crowned hat—large whiskers.

CAPTAIN HEINDUCK.—Short blue pea jacket—Guernsey shirt—long coloured night-cap—black ringlet wig—blue trousers.

MR. PESTLE.—Black coat and waistcoat—black silk breeches—striped cotton stockings—short nankeen gaiters—low crowned white hat.

SIMON PENNY.—*First dress*: Claret-coloured coat—coloured fancy waistcoat—white trousers—high crowned hat. *Second dress*: Sailor's jacket—straw hat.

BARNEY FAGAN.—Blue jacket—red waistcoat—dark blue trousers—check shirt—hairy cap—and shilelah.

JACOB.—Drab livery—striped hose—red wig, with tail.

BOOTS.—Dark velveteen jacket—breeches and gaiters.

TAPSTER.—Striped gingham jacket—drab breeches, and gaiters.

SAILORS.—Blue Jackets and trousers.

LUCY WESTERN.—Fashionable white satin.

THE YOUNG REEFER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of Sir Marmaduke Western—table and chairs, c.*

SIR MARMADUKE *discovered sitting at the table.*

Sir M. [*Ringing a hand-bell, and calling.*] Jacob! why, Jacob, I say!

Enter JACOB, R.

Here have I been ringing for you this half-hour!

Jac. (R.) It's all along of your worship's nephew, Mr. Julian.

Sir M. Confound Mr. Julian! I wish the house were well rid of him!—Bring me a bottle of the old hock.

Jac. [*Aside.*] The old hock! [*Laughing.*] He! he! he!

Sir M. Well, what's the matter with you now?

Jac. Nothing's the matter with me, your worship; but the old hock—[*Laughing.*]—Hi! hi!

Sir M. He has not drunk my old hock, sure?

Jac. Yes, but he has, though.

Sir M. [*Rising.*] Why, there was a dozen left, at least.

Jac. Lord love your worship! if there had been a whole cellar full, it would have been all the same. I do believe he caught a thirst by sailing on the salt sea, and has never been able to get rid of it since.

Sir M. The young villain!—But his leave of absence will soon expire, that's one comfort!

Jac. Ees, zur; but he leaves what your milentary folks call a substitution.

Sir M. Indeed!

Jac. Ees, zur; a monkey, he has given to Miss Lucy—rot un! he be an ill-looking sort of a beasty; but miss makes as much on 'em as thof he were a young child: she calls him her dear little Fritz.

Julian. [*Singing without, R.*] “Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!”

Sir M. There he is! screaming like a knife-grinder; and for no earthly reason but because he knows I hate and detest all noises, from a trumpet to a singing tea-kettle.

Enter JULIAN, R.

Jul. [*Crossing to C.*] Ah, nunky! I hope you are in a good humour.

Sir M. No, sir, I am not; and what’s more, I don’t intend to be in a good humour again till you leave the house.

Jul. You don’t?

Sir M. No, I don’t.

Jul. Oh, well, it’s of no consequence; you can do what I want all the same.

Sir M. I don’t doubt it.

Jul. Yes; I have a small favour to ask of you. The fact is, I am desperately in love with my cousin, Lucy; my cousin, Lucy, is desperately in love with me; and if you don’t consent to our marriage, I don’t know what may be the consequence.

Sir M. Upon my word!

Jul. All true, I assure you. Now, I wanted Lucy to marry first, and ask your consent afterwards; for, said I, it’s a hundred to one if nunky ever says “yes,” when he can say “no;” he’s such a crabbed old fellow.

Sir M. Your modesty is pleased to guess right.

Jul. Oh, I was sure you would never consent of your own free will; but then, as I said again to Lucy, what the devil does that signify? I shall be sure to trick the old fellow out of his consent one way or another.

Sir M. [*Aside.*] There is a sublimity in his assurance that perfectly confounds me. I always used to think a cock-sparrow the most impudent thing in the creation; but his Majesty’s midshipmen have it hollow. [*To Julian.*] So, sir, you mean to get my consent to your marriage with Lucy, whether I will or no?

Jul. [*Indifferently.*] Yes.

Sir M. Then, sir, I have the pleasure to inform you, that there is no time to be lost. I expect your cousins, Mr. Simon Penny and Mr. Pestle, this evening by the Telegraph; and, please the fates! to-morrow, or the next day at farthest, Lucy marries one or the other of them.

Jul. I can’t allow it.

Sir M. [*Ironically.*] Oh, pray do!

Jul. No; my mind's made up. Pestle's a fool; and as to Simon, you have not seen him since he was an ugly little succubus in petticoats.

Sir M. Very true.

Jul. So, all things considered, I shall marry her myself. Poor fellows!

Sir M. Quite the reverse: it's you that are the poor fellow; they are both as rich as Jews.

Jul. Jews or Gentiles, they shall neither of them marry my cousin.

Sir M. You are a nice little gentleman, Julian, a very nice little gentleman! And now I mean to surprise you. [*Calling.*] Herc, Jacob! Thomas! William!

Enter JACOB and two Servants, L.

Turn out that young villain this instant, knaves, and mind he never darkens my doors again!

Jac. Oh, lord! oh, lord! I don't know how to set about it! He'll break some of our heads, for sartain.

Sir M. Turn him out!

Jul. [*Placing a chair, c., and seating himself*] Turn me out, indeed!—Don't think of such a thing, nunky.

Sir M. [*To the Servants.*] If you have a mind to wear my livery any longer, out with him.

Jul. Passion's bad for your health, nunky; you should take things coolly, as I do. Jacob, is there any of the old hock left?

Jac. [*Laughing, and shaking his head.*] Not a drop.

Jul. What, all gone? Bring a glass of grog, then.—Come, nunky, take a chair, and let's be sociable for once.

Sir M. [*Aside.*] I shall be hanged for killing him, that's certain! [*To the Servants.*] Out with the little villain, or pack yourselves off directly, one and all!

Jac. [*To Julian.*] Will your young honour be so kind as to be so good as to get up, and let us turn you out quietly?—Doey, now. [*Aside.*] Dang 'un! a won't stir, no more nor any statute!

Sir M. Take him, chair and all, and cast him into the street instanter.

Jac. Your young honour hears what his worship, the mayor, says. It's no fault of ourn: we mun obey orders, you know. [*They lift up Julian in the chair.*]

Jul. Steady, lads, steady! [*Tying his pocket-handkerchief to the end of his cane.*] Avast heaving for a moment!

It's all of no use, nunky : take my word for it, neither of them marries my cousin.

Sir M. Away with him ! away with him !

[*Exeunt Jacob and Servants, L., carrying off Julian in the chair, waving his handkerchief, and singing "Rule, Britannia!"—Exit Sir Marmaduke, R.*]

SCENE II.—*The Sun Inn, R. U. E.—The Sea in the distance.—A horn is heard without.*

Enter Boots from the inn.

Boots. [*Looking off, L. U. E.*] There be's the Telly, sure enough. [*Calling.*] What, ho ! John Tapster !

Enter TAPSTER from the inn, R. U. E.

Tap. What, the Telegraph in already ?

Boots. Ay : our new coachman has no marcy on the cattle, poor dumb brutes !

Enter SIMON PENNY, with portmanteau, &c., L. U. E.

Boots. [*Aside.*] Consume it ! what a droll chap this Lunnuner be ! I'll be hanged if he ha'n't got as much hair on his face as gray Dobbin carries on his tail !

Sim. Vell, vot do you all stand staring at me for ? — Vy don't you take my boxes ? [*Exeunt Boots and Tapster with his boxes into the inn, R. U. E.*] Vot a beautiful river they have got here ! Vy, it's ten times vider than the Thames at Vestminster.

Enter SAILORS, with badges on their arms, L. U. E.

First S. Isle of Wight, your honour ?

Second S. Netley Abbey, your honour ?

Third S. There's a fair wind for Cowes.

First S. Mine's the largest boat, your honour ; it isn't safe sailing in them little coekle-shells when you get off Calshot Castle.

Sim. Safe !—I'd have you to know, my hearties, I care as little for the dangers of the salt sea as e'er a one amongst you. Vy, I've made the woyage more than a dozen times to Gravesend ; have been shipwrecked in Chelsea Reach ; and can navigate a boat from London Bridge to Richmond with the best man that ever handled an ell-yard—I mean to say, a tiller. Only see me vhen I'm rigged out in my nauticals !

First S. I knew by the cut of his jib his honour was a seaman.

Sim. Gad! this is a 'cute fellow. I see you know vot's vot; so I don't much mind if I do make a little woyage vith you, just for half an hour or so, as the evening is fine.

First S. Thank your honour; I'll have all ready in less than no time.

Sim. Ay, do, messmate; while you rig out the boat, I'll rig out myself as a sailor should be. I hate going on the vater like a cockney. [*Exit into the inn, R. U. E.*]

Second S. I say, Bob, you've eanght that flat fish neatly.

First S. Never you mind my flat fish, but look after your own loose ones: there's more small fry swimming up High Street. [*Exit, L. U. E.*]

Second S. He's right, lads; I see a whole squad of our customers just below Bar. The devil take the hindmost! [*Exeunt Sailors, running, L. S. E.*]

Enter JULIAN, brushing against them.

Jul. Confound you all! can't you see which way you are running? I wish I had you on board the Grampus for a few days, just to teach you good manners.

Re-enter Boots from the inn, R. U. E., with a carpet-bag.

Ah, Boots! has the Telegraph come in yet?

Boots. These ten minutes.

Jul. Many passengers?

Boots. Na: there be but one inside, and he be a queer one; he calls himself a sailor.

Jul. What sort of an animal is he?

Boots. Very like a tailor to my thinking. The name on his boxes be Mr. Simon Penny.

Jul. That's my man!—Where is he?

Boots. In bed-room, 'quipping himself for a sailor.—That cunning devil, Bob Smart, gammoned him into a sail the moment he got off the Telegraph. But, odso! [*Crossing to L.*] it won't do for me to stand prating here; I have got to take this parcel as far as Bevis' Mount.

[*Exit, L.*]

Jul. So, this cockney son of a—ahem!—of a linen-dra-per would fain pass for a sailor, would he? By Jove! I should like to give him a taste of it! My old friend and officer, Lientenant Cecil, I know is on the look-out to press a few able-bodied men; and if I could only get him to elap this simple Simon under hatches, all might go well.

To be sure, the Luff will be in a devil of a rage when he finds out that he has been cheated into pressing a shop-keeper; but what care I for that? he's not my commanding-officer now. Let him bluster as he chooses to-morrow, so that he will but make me rid of Master Simon for to-day.

Enter BARNEY FAGAN, L. U. E., with a rough shilelah in his hand.

Ha, Barney!

Bar. Tunder an' ounds! and is it Misther Julian that I see? Faith, now, my young master, and it's yourself I've been missing ever since you left our nate little frigate, good luck to her ould timbers!

Jul. And have you, too, left the Grampus?

Bar. You may say that, wid your own good-looking mout; and why? Bekase, do ye see, they have hauled her up high and dry in the dockyard; and I'm sarving under Lieutenant Cecil, all aboard the Wasp;—she's but a little bit of a thing, to be sure; but she sails like a witch, and is as tidy a craft as ever crossed the herring-pond.

Jul. And what wind blows you here?

Bar. Faith, then, and I'll tell you no lie about the matter: it's the king, God bless him! wants to press some volunteers into his sarvice. I'm thinking, now, as this is your own native town, you would be mighty likely to tell a frind where to look out for a few boys of the right sort.

Jul. Of course I can. There's a chap just now gone into the Sun; that's the very man for you. Where's your boat's crew?

Bar. Laying to under the lee of the old gaol, by the Platform, I think they call it; but I'll get them all under weigh in a crack.

[Exit, L. U. E.]

Jul. Gad! I'm sailing with a lee-tide! What a glorious rage nunky will be in when he finds himself outwitted, and his friend, Simon, in a fair way for the West-India voyage!

Simon. *[Without, R.]* If any one asks for me, mind, I'm here; that is, I'm not here, but I'm upon the vater.

Jul. That must be he, by the signals he's throwing out.

Enter SIMON PENNY from the inn, R. U. E.

Holla! messmate, isn't your name Penny—Simon Penny?

Sim. Vell, vot if it is? My name doesn't owe you any thing, does it?

Jul. I thought you were a penny, and a sad bit of Brum-

magem you are: they should have nailed you to the counter.

Sim. I'll tell you vot it is, youngster: if you don't keep a civil tongue in your head, I'll report you to your captain.

Jul. Why, you fresh-water gudgeon! what should you know of captains, unless it be the captain of a coal-barge?

Sim. Come, I like that, however. Hav'n't I made a woyage to Margate? ay, and crossed over all the way from Dover to Boulogne, and from Boulogne back again to Dover? Vot do I know, indeed!

Jul. Psha!

[*Exit, L.*

Sim. Vy, he's gone! There's a sea-bruin for you! — It's time for me to be off, though.

Re-enter BARNEY FAGAN with Sailors, L. U. E., who surround Simon.

Who the deuce are these?

Bar. Who are we is it you're axing? Arrah, he aisy now, and I'll be after making a man of you, and that's more than your mother's done for you, any how.

Sim. Stand off, fellow!

Bar. Musha, now, be quiet, will you, and don't spile sport!

Sim. Vot the plague do you vant?

Bar. What is it I want?—What but your own purty self, jist to sarve his Majesty?

Sim. Stand off, I say! I am Mr. Simon Penny, of Cheapside, a householder, and a fundholder, and a landholder.

Bar. Well, and won't I be your bottle-holder when you fight the Frinchmen? Ay, by the proker, will I, and you shall have money galore; so come along wid ye.

Sim. I go vith you, indeed! That would be a rum go!

Bar. You won't?

Sim. To be sure not.

Bar. [*Holding up a bludgeon, and collaring him.*] You see this nate piece of raal Irish cambric, that my mother dusts the chaney wid? If you don't trot along quickly, I'll be after making it mighty familiar wid that same joulterhead of your's, and dusting away the cobwebs.

Re-enter JULIAN, R. S. E.

Jul. Holla! friends, what's the matter? what's the matter?

Sim. The Devil and Doctor Faustus is the matter!—These fellows vant to press me—me, Mr. Simon Penny!

Bar. Musha, then, if you are a penny, you're a bad one—you won't go.

Jul. Take my advice, Brummagem, and be off with you, before worse comes of it.

Bar. That's jist what I have been telling him, the spalpeen!—But he's such a Hebrew Jew, there's no bating a Christian belief into his head at all, at all.

Jul. Have you any letters about you that may identify you?

Sim. Deary me! I had quite forgot that. [*Producing a letter.*] Here's one from pa to Sir Marmaduke Western, of this town.

Jul. Then I'll tell you what, my fine fellow, [*Twitching the letter from him.*] you must go with these men just for the present, but I'll take your letter to Sir Marmaduke; and if all turns out as you say, I'll fetch you back again in a jiffey.

Sim. No—vill you? That's a nice little gentleman!—If ever you vant any thing in our line, only come to my shop in Cheapside, and never trust me if I don't sell you a bargain, that's vot I vill.

Jul. What, upon tick?

Sim. Vy, as to that, you see ve're all in the ready-money line; but if you'll pay interest——

Jul. It's not my principle to pay interest.

Sim. And it's not your interest to pay principal.

Bar. [*Coming forward, c.*] The divil burn ye, man! we can't stand here all day, while you spin tough yarns as long as the road from Dublin to Tipperary. Away wid ye!

[*Exeunt Barney and the Sailors, forcing off Simon,*

L. U. E.

Jul. Hurrah! the day's my own! Now, then, if I can only bribe mine host of the Sun here to let me have the booby's travelling clothes, I may pass upon my poor purblind old uncle for his friend, Simon.

[*Exit into the inn, R. U. E.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in Sir Marmaduke Western's House—table and chairs.*

Enter SIR MARMADUKE WESTERN, followed by LUCY, L.

Lucy. (c.) Now, pray, papa——

Sir M. (R. c.) Don't teaze me, Lucy; you know I hate

to be contradicted. Out he is, and out he shall remain, the young villain! It's the first quiet hour I have had for these six weeks, and that's the whole time he has been in the house exactly to a minute.

Lucy. My poor cousin is a little too wild, perhaps; but then he is so good-humoured, and so handsome!

Sir M. What then?

Lucy. He loves me so.

Sir M. What then?

Lucy. And I love him so.

Sir M. What then?

Lucy. I have promised——

Sir M. Well, what have you promised?

Lucy. To marry nobody but him.

Sir M. And I have promised myself you shall marry one of your elder cousins—Penny or Pestle, Pestle or Penny—I don't care which; and you know I hate to be contradicted.

Lucy. But if Julian can get your consent——

Sir M. Get the devil! [*Crossing to R.*] My consent, indeed! What do you take me for, Lucy?

Lucy. My own dear, good, kind papa.

Sir M. Yes, and you want to bamboozle your own dear, good, kind papa. No, no, Lucy: to-morrow, or the next day at farthest, you marry one of them.

Lucy. One I don't like, and the other I have never seen.

Sir M. You'll see enough of him when you are married.

Lucy. That I'll be sworn I shall, and too much.

Sir M. Now don't you be a simpleton, Lucy: Simon has two thousand a year, three per cents, left him by his grandfather, and Pestle has a good business.

Lucy. But I don't love either.

Sir M. Love! what is that?—Is it house or land, eatable or drinkable? I have heard of such a thing often, but for the life of me I never could make out what it was.

Enter JACOB, L.

Jac. He's come, your worship.

Sir M. [*Crossing to L.*] Which of the he's, booby?

Jac. Mr. Penny, your worship. [*Laughing.*] Hi, hi, hi!

Sir M. What are you laughing at, sirrah?

Jac. He be such a queer chap, and he does talk so

oddly, dang un ! if I can make out one half of what he says.

Lucy. I was sure he was some monster.

Sir M. Hold your tongue, Lucy. Show him up stairs, Jacob.

Jac. Ees, I wull.

[*Exit, L.*]

Sir M. Now, miss, I insist upon your behaving civilly to your cousin.

Lucy. To his money you mean, papa.

Sir M. Well, and isn't the whole world on the knee to wealth ? and why should you wish to be wiser than your neighbours ? Even the cardinal virtues have been glad to change their coats to save themselves from starving : Faith has opened a Methodist chapel ; Love has turned opera-dancer ; Charity has set up for a pawnbroker ; and Hope has taken to the trade of politician ; but I hear she is a bankrupt.

Re-enter JACOB, L.

Jac. Here be Mister Simon Penny to wait upon your worship. [*Aside, going off, L.*] Dang it ! if all the folks in Cheapside be like un, Lunnun mun be for all the world like one of them shows, that goes about with enrosities and monstrosities.

[*Exit, L.*]

Enter JULIAN, wearing Simon's great coat, closely buttoned up, and a narrow high-crowned hat.

Sir M. I am heartily glad to sec you, nephew. As I live, the very image of my poor sister !

Jul. Sir, I reverence your sagacity ; folks do say I am very like my mother. [*Looking towards Lucy.*] Miss Western, I presume.

Sir M. Yes ; I am proud to say this is my daughter.—Lucy, know your cousin.

Lucy. [*Aside.*] Who has two thousand a year three per cents, and would be dear at any discount.

Jul. [*Crossing to c.*] A beautiful pattern, I declare ! and warrantd, no doubt, to wear well ! 'Pon honour, I shall call myself a lucky dog when our bargain is completed.

Lucy. [*Aside.*] How unlike my poor Julian !

Jul. When shall the happy day be ? To-morrow, I hope ; for business, Mr. Western, business must be attended to. If I don't take care of my shop, my shop, per contra, won't take care of me.

Sir M. That, again, is so like your poor mother—she had always an eye to the main chance. Odso! you put me in mind—Has she sent me no message, no letter?

Jul. To be sure she has: never send out goods without a bill of parcels. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha! Excuse me—can't help being a little professional. [*Giving the letter he received from Simon to Sir Marmaduke.*] Now, my dear Lucy—

Lucy. Sir!

Jul. [*Aside.*] Zounds! I forgot I was Simon Penny! [*To Lucy.*] I beg you ten thousand pardons, miss; but it's a way I have—meant no offence.

Sir M. Your mother, I see, wishes the marriage to take place immediately; she says it is the busy time of year, and she cannot spare you long.

Jul. To be sure not. The world and his wife are in town now, and every hour I'm away is a good pound out of my pocket.

Sir M. I hardly know what to say: your cousin Pestle ought to have been here by this time, but since he has not thought proper to come, he forfeits his chance. We'll sign and seal, then; the papers are all ready, and Jacob can witness them.

Jul. The sooner the better.

Sir M. [*Calling.*] Jacob!—I have lost my spectacles, too. Oh, they're in my study; go and fetch them, Lucy.

Lucy. My dear papa—

Sir M. Not a word, miss [*Crossing to c.*]; you know I hate to be contradicted. Why don't you go?

Lucy. [*Pouting.*] I am so tired!

Sir M. So am I, miss—of your obstinacy, of your ill-humours.

Lucy. You'll be the death of me, papa, that's what you will!

Sir M. Pooh! pooh! young ladies die not of love now-a-days, whatever they may have done a century ago: Cupid has gone out of fashion, and Plutus has taken up his bow and quiver. [*Crossing to r., and calling.*] Jacob! Jacob!—Where can the fellow be?—He's never in the way when he's wanted. That we may lose no time, do you, Mr. Penny, be good enough to fill in the blanks with the names of the parties, while I go and look after my spectacles.

Jul. Certainly, certainly. [*Exit Sir Marmaduke, r.*]

Lucy. If you have a single spark of generosity—

Jul. Spark! bless you, miss, I have a whole volcano, ready to blaze at a moment's warning. Only wait till we are married, and——

Lucy. I can't wait.

Jul. Not wait! Fie, fie, miss! I protest you make me blush!

Lucy. Sir, sir, I assure you——

Jul. I don't like assurance in a young lady.

Lucy. Will you listen to me but for a moment? I don't love you—I won't have you—my heart's another's.

Jul. Never mind your heart; your hand's mine, and that's the main article.

Lucy. What, are you resolved to marry me whether I will or no?

Jul. To be sure I am.

Lucy. You are a bold man.

Jul. Psha! don't I know that you are desperately in love with me?

Lucy. With you?

Jul. Yes, with me; ready to jump out of the window if papa locks the door, and run off to Gretna Green as fast as four horses can carry you.

Lucy. [*Half aside.*] Why, he's more impudent than my little cousin!

Jul. Oh! you have a little cousin, have you? I'll kill him—I hate little cousins!

Lucy. And I love him—love him with all my heart and soul.

Jul. [*Throwing open his great coat.*] And, with all my heart and soul, I am glad to hear it.

Lucy. Why, surely—yes, it is Julian! What a figure you've made of yourself, with that strange hat, and those huge whiskers! I am not quite sure it's you, after all.

Jul. No?—Then I'll prove it to you in a minute.

[*Kissing her.*]

Lucy. For shame, Julian! now, do be quiet! If papa should return——

Jul. Oh, never mind papa.

Re-enter SIR MARMADUKE WESTERN, R.

Sir M. Hollo, young folks!—You are getting on surprisingly, Master Simon.

Jul. Yes; I always make the most of my time.

Sir M. I see you do. But, come, have you filled in the names?

Jul. No ; but I will directly.

Sir M. I'll not trouble you ; now I've got my spectacles, I can do it myself.

Jul. Spectacles ! what, do you use spectacles ? [*Snatching them.*] I wonder if I could sec with them.

[*He purposely drops and treads upon them.*]

Sir M. Zounds ! you have broken them !

Jul. [*Picking up the spectacles.*] Only the glass ; the rims, you see, are whole, so there's no mischief done.

Sir M. Really, sir ! [*Aside.*] A plague on the fellow's clumsiness ! I don't know what I shall do without my glasses.

Jul. You can manage to sign your name, I dare say, and I will fill up the blanks for you.

[*Seating himself, and writing.*]

Sir M. [*Calling.*] Jacob ! where's Jacob ?

Lucy. [*Aside.*] The deuce take his impudence ! Oh, how angry pa will be when he finds himself outwitted by my dear little scapegrace !

Re-enter JACOB, R.

Jac. [*Laughing.*] Hi, hi, hi ! — Your worship, there's Mr.—[*Laughing.*] Hi, hi, hi !

Jul. Never mind Mr. Hi, hi, hi, now. All's right ; it only wants your signature.

Sir M. Stop a moment, and let me see what this block-head wants.

Jac. There's another Simon at the door. [*Laughing.*] Hi, hi, hi !

Jul. [*Coming forward with the contract.*] Just sign, will you ?

Sir M. Another Simon ! — What do you mean by that ?

Jac. I means nothing ; only t'other Simon says as how this Simon's a 'poster. [*Laughing.*] Hi, hi, hi !

Lucy. [*Aside.*] It's all over with us now !

Jul. Oh, this is all a trick !

Sir M. I begin to suspect as much.

Jul. And Jacob's in the plot—I see it by his face : there's bribery and corruption in the tip of that red hot nose. Down on your marrow-bones this instant, sirrah, and confess you're a rogue, or woe betide your shoulders !

Jac. Confess I'm a rogue ! [*Laughing.*] Hi, hi, hi !

Jul. [*Caning him.*] Why, you laughing hyæna ! down, down with you !

Jac. Measter, measter ! I shall be deaded !

Sir M. Stop, stop, Mr. Simon !

Jac. He, Mr. Simon !—I'll take my davy on it t'other's the real Simon, and this is the parish beadle, what thumps the little boys on Sundays. Dang un ! a' must be used to handle the cane, a' lays about him so smartly.

Jul. I only wish I had you on board the—I mean, on my shop-board, for half an hour,—wouldn't I give it you, my hearty !

Sir M. Show the other Simon up : there can be no harm in hearing what he has got to say for himself.

Jul. None in the world ; have him up, by all means.—
[*Aside.*] How the devil did he manage to get out of their hands so soon ?

Jac. [*Laughing.*] Hi, hi, hi ! [*Exit, L.*]

Lucy. [*Aside.*] Nothing but impudence can carry us through, and, thank Heaven ! Julian seems to have enough to set up a bench of lawyers.

Sir M. [*Aside.*] There is something very strange in this ; I'm glad I did not sign.

Re-enter JACOB and SIMON PENNY, L.

Jac. Here be true Penny, zur, [*Aside.*] though he be a queerer chap than t'other. [*Exit, L.*]

Sim. Yes, I am Mr. Simon Penny, just escaped from the clutches of a willanous press-gang : they wanted to make a sailor of me.

Jul. They might as well have wanted to make an archbishop of you.

Sim. Bishop or archbishop, I am Mr. Simon Penny.

Jul. You, indeed ! that's a good joke !—I am Mr. Simon Penny.

Sim. But not Mr. Simon Penny, linen-draper, of the Golden Fleece—

Jul. Cheapside—the very same.

Sim. Wery odd : I always thought I vas that amiable young gentleman.

Jul. You thought wrong.

Sim. Who the deuce am I, then ?

Jul. Nobody.

Sim. (L. c.) That's hard ; I must be somebody, sure.

Sir M. [*Aside.*] I wish I had my spectacles.

Jul. It won't do ! [*Slapping Sir Marmaduke on the back.*] Turn him out, nunky !—Ahem ! [*Aside.*] A plague on my unlucky tongue ! [*Crossing to R.*]

Lucy. (R. c.) [*Aside.*] Was there ever any thing so stupid !

Sir M. (c.) Nunky, eh? I thought as much. Oh, you little villain!

Jul. [*Looking over Lucy's shoulder.*] What, you have found me out, have you?

Sim. Come, I'm myself again!

Sir M. [*To Julian.*] Yes, I have found you out, and I have a great mind to have you ducked in a horse-pond.—How dare you cross my threshold again?

Jul. And how dare you talk so to an officer in his majesty's service? But your age—your age is your protection.

Sim. Vot a terrible little Turk!

Sir M. Will you walk, sir?

Jul. No, I won't, sir.

Sir M. You won't walk?

Jul. No; I'll run. [*Crossing and running off, L.*]

Sir M. I never shall have a moment's peace again till he is safe on board his ship.

Re-enter JULIAN, hastily, L.

Jul. [*Crossing to Sir Marmaduke.*] Oh, nunky! I forgot.

Sir M. [*Pettishly.*] What—plague of my life!—what is it you have forgotten?

Jul. Two things of great consequence: the first is—to wish you good by.

Sir M. Good by, good by to you; and oblige me by never letting me set eyes on your ugly little face again!

Jul. Yes; but that's not all. [*Crossing to Lucy.*] Coz, my sweet coz! a parting kiss!

Lucy. My dear Julian!

Sim. Her dear Julian!

Sir M. [*To Simon.*] Just lend me your cane.

Jul. [*Throwing down a chair.*] Take care of your toes, nunky!

Lucy. [*Holding Sir Marmaduke.*] Now, pray, papa!

Sir M. Let go of me, Lucy: I'll only just beat him within an inch of death's door!

Sim. Bravo! old gentleman!

[*Julian dodges amongst the tables and chairs, followed by Sir Marmaduke, whom Lucy endeavours to hold back.—JACOB comes in, L. S. E., and stands there enjoying the mischief, till Julian passes, trips him and Simon up, and runs out, L.—During the bustle, the act drop falls.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Platform, a jetty on the banks of Southampton Water—stairs leading from the water, c.*

Enter JULIAN and BARNEY FAGAN, L.

Jul. (c.) Now you are sure you understand me, Barney?

Bar. (L.) Be aisy, now: I'll make a big fool of him, and no mistake either.

Jul. [*Looking off, R.*] That's he—that's cousin Pestle, coming yonder, in the black silks and inexpressibles.

Bar. [*Crossing to R.*] He looks for all the world like a methody preacher. I'll be bound there's no more fight in him than in a popgun; but I'll be after frightening a little courage into him.

Jul. Well said, Barney. I must be off, though; it won't do for him to see us together. [*Exit, L.*]

Enter MR. PESTLE, R.

Pes. A nice bilious town this; the people all look as yellow as so many buttercups. I wish I had set up my staff here; for in that abominable Brighton every body lives so long, that I can't live at all.

Bar. [*Approaching him.*] Your sarvant, sir; musha, then, and arn't I glad to clap my eyes on your good-looking face!

Pes. [*Aside.*] Oh, a patient, I suppose—has heard of my celebrity. [*To Barney.*] Well, friend, what's the matter?

Bar. Och, then, it's not much that's the matter—nothing out o' the common.

Pes. But what do you complain of?

Bar. It isn't I that complains; it's Mr. Simon Penny that complains.

Pes. Well, and what is it? though I can guess.

Bar. Musha, then, it's mighty cliver you are.

Pes. Bile—no doubt, bile. We'll soon set him to rights; we'll begin by bleeding him.

Bar. Boderation! you're on the wrong tack there: 'tis he that manes to bleed you.

Pes. The devil he does!

Bar. To be sure. Hav'n't you come here to marry Miss Lucy Western?

Pes. If I have, what then?

Bar. Then he thinks it would be mighty convenient to kill you out of the way, 'kase as how he intends marrying her himself.

Pes. Why, this is a challenge!

Bar. If you plase.

Pes. My dear fellow, I never fought in my life.

Bar. It's time, then, you should begin; never too ould to larn.

Pes. But I may be killed:

Bar. By the powers, may ye: if you've any luck at all at all, you'll be kilt before your beard's an hour older.

Pes. Don't talk of it.

Re-enter JULIAN, L.

Pes. [*Crossing to c.*] Ah, Julian! my dear fellow, you couldn't have come at a better time: here's a fellow wants me to go out in a duel.

Jul. Well, of course you'll go?

Pes. I'll see him d——d first!

Jul. Nonsense: who is the challenger?

Pes. Who, but our cousin Simon?

Jul. You must go, that's a clear case.

Bar. (R.) By my sowl, thin, but you spake like a rale gentleman, every inch of you.

Jul. I'll be your second, coz, and settle every thing for you. [*To Barney.*] Say that my friend will expect Mr. Simon Penny in half an hour, a little below the Ferry.

Bar. Plase the pigs, we won't disappoint you. [*Crossing to L.*] Good morning to you, gentlemen. [*Exit, L.*

Pes. Why, surely, Julian, you don't expect me to stand and be shot at like an old crow?—Though, by the by, that's a bad simile: the very smell of gunpowder makes them hop the twig—sensible creatures!

Jul. My dear fellow, if you wish to marry our cousin Lucy, and her ten thousand pounds, fight you must.

Pes. But suppose I should be killed?

Jul. No fear of that. Why, man, he's as great a coward as yourself; and, if you only present a pistol at him, will run away to a certainty.

Pes. Are you quite sure?

Jul. Quite; so take yourself off.

Pes. Zounds! it's he that will take me off, I'm afraid!

Jul. Stuff!—Away to the inn, there; swallow a bumper

or two of brandy, and in less than ten minutes I'll be back again with all the tackle.

Pes. I have no great fancy to the business. You are quite sure he's a coward?

Jul. Positive; so away with you. [*Exit Pestle, R.*] Bravo!—Now if my other gudgeon does but take the bait as easily, the thing is settled. [*Looking off, L.*] By Jove! Barney has got him in tow, and scuds along with him at the rate of nine knots an hour.

Enter SIMON PENNY and BARNEY FAGAN, L.

Good morning to you, Mr. Penny: I see you've brought your friend with you, and my principal will be here directly.

Sim. Brought a friend with me!—That's a good one!—I've come to meet a friend. [*To Barney.*] Didn't you tell me a friend wanted to see me?

Jul. [*To Barney.*] Oh, then, I see you've not explained.

Bar. Boderation! what's the use of explaining, when we come here to fight?

Sim. Fight!—Vot am I to fight for? and vhom am I to fight?

Jul. Cousin Pestle, to be sure: I'm to be his second; and, as I knew you would be without a friend here, I asked Mr. Barney Fagan to stand by you in this matter; he's used to these little affairs.

Bar. Ay, by the powers am I!—There's no fun like turning out on a nate bit of turf on a fine summer's morning.

Sim. Really, gentlemen, you're very good; but you take me so by surprise, as it were—I should like to think a little before I fight.

Jul. Fight first, and think after, or it's my belief you'll never fight at all.

Sim. But vot am I to fight for?

Jul. For cousin Lucy, to be sure. But here comes my friend.

Re-enter MR. PESTLE, R.

Sim. [*Aside to Barney.*] This is a terrible piece of business: hadn't I better apologise?

Bar. Apologise!—If you talk of it again, I shall take it as an affront to myself, Mr. Penny. Hav'n't I come here as your frind? and is it me you would be after disgracing wid your dirty 'pologies?

Sim. Oh, lord!

Bar. Tunder and ouns! don't be sighing so, like a young girl for her sweetheart. You see the gentleman has made up his mind to exchange shots with you.

Sim. And vot shall I get by the exchange?

Bar. A bullet through your body, and not a bit the worse for it either.

Jul. [*Aside to Pestle.*] Pluck up a heart, man.

Pes. No occasion for that—my heart's in my mouth already.

Jul. Pooh! don't you see how pale he is? he'll never stand fire. Now, Mr. Fagan, have you brought your mantons?

Bar. [*Pulling pistols out of his pocket.*] Och, to be sure I have; catch me widout my tools! [*Crossing to c.*] Here they are, primed and loaded.

Pes. [*Aside to Julian.*] Tell him I'll give up Lucy.

Jul. You shall give up your life first.

Sim. [*Aside to Barney.*] I really don't like killing my own cousin.

Bar. Hould your tongue.

Jul. I'll measure the ground. How many paces, Mr. Fagan?

Bar. Eight, if it's agreeable to you, Misther Julian.

Pes. No, no—twelve.

Sim. I say, twenty.

Jul. Leave it to us, gentlemen.

Pes. Oh, dear!

Jul. [*Measuring.*] One, two, three—

Pes. [*Getting to R. front corner.*] Mr. Julian! Mr. Julian!

Jul. What now?

Pes. You take such confoundedly small steps.

Jul. I can't step out more than I do.

Bar. Don't step out of your way to plase any one.

Pes. Do let that gentleman measure the ground; he seems to have the longest legs.

Jul. Nonsense! [*Measuring.*] Four, five, six, seven, eight. There's your pistol, Mr. Pestle: when I drop my handkerchief, you'll both fire.

Sim. [*Aside, near L. U. E.*] Gad! I'll take heart; he seems more afraid than myself.

[*Barney sets his back against him, urging him on.*]

Jul. Now, then, gentlemen, are you both ready? One, two, three—fire!

[Julian drops his handkerchief—they fire awkwardly, and Pestle falls.]

Bar. [Apart to Julian.] By the powers, Julian, this is a nate piece of business!—I never saw a man kilt with blank cartridge before.

Jul. [Apart to him.] Be quiet, Barney. *[Aloud.]* The luck's yours, Mr. Penny; but this is no place for you now: make yourself scarce.

Sim. [To Barney.] Vot does he mean?

Bar. He manes that you'll be hanged, to be sure, if they catch you here.

Sim. Deary me! deary me! vot shall I do? vot shall I do?

Jul. There is but one thing left for you: *[Looking off, c.]* the Jersey packet is just starting, I see; jump aboard her, and——

Sim. But my intended—I have no mind to lose her.

Jul. Have you a mind to be hanged? Away with you, *[Pushing him off, L.]* I'll see you safe aboard. Mind, Barney, don't forget little Fritz.

Bar. Lave it to me: a wink's as good as a nod to a blind horse. *[Exit Julian, L.]* Misther Pestle, are ye dead, or are ye alive, now? Boderation! if you don't do the civil thing, and say yes or no to a gentleman's question, I shall be after calling you out myself.

[Pulling him up.]

Pes. [Looking about cautiously.] Are they gone?

Bar. By the powers! he's alive and merry, after all!

Pes. No thanks to any of you.

Bar. Och, but you're a regular fire-eater! Give me your hand, Mr. Pestle; I have a respect for you, my darling, and I won't see that little scamp make a Judy of you any longer.

Pes. Eh! what?

Bar. He has been cheating you all along, the decaver.

Pes. My dear friend!—What is it? what is it?

Bar. Be aisy, now, be aisy! Hav'n't you been fighting becace you wouldn't give up a young lady—Miss Western, I think they call her?

Pes. Certainly.

Bar. Have ye ever heard of Fritz?

Pes. Fritz! no. What is Fritz?

Bar. Fritz, I take it, is heathen Greek for a fine little boy.

Pes. I don't understand you.

Bar. It's mighty dull, thin, you are this morning. Jist slue yourself a bit this way.

[Whispering to him.]

Pes. Crimini! you don't say so?

Bar. Faith, but I do; and it's the very moral of that little scamp, Julian.

Pes. And they wanted to make me a—hem!

Bar. By my sowl, did they: if you don't belave me, jist ax the young lady herself; you need not enter into particulars, becace why?—it wouldn't be genteel; but ye may jist say, Isn't Fritz yours? and don't you love him better nor any thing in the world?

Pes. I will—I will; and if I find the story true, I'll—I'll cut her acquaintance. *[Exit, R.*

Bar. Luck be wid you, lad. Was there ever such a nice pace of soft parchment for a man to play upon? By my sowl, he'll never see such another fool, till he sees himself in a looking-glass! *[Exit, L.*

SCENE II.—*The Garden of Sir Marmaduke Western—the house, R. U. E.—a wooden figure of a hermit, with a frock and cowl, placed upon a pedestal, near R. S. E.—a draw-well near L. U. E.—and a garden-stand with flowers, R.*

JULIAN discovered climbing over the wall, c.

Jul. *[Jumping down.]* Safe in the garden, however; but how shall I get into the house? That rascal, Jacob, is inexorable. I wonder if Lucy's in her room. *[Gathering some pebbles, and throwing them against the window.]* No?—Try again. *[Flinging more pebbles.]*

LUCY appears at the window, R. U. E., and opens it.

Lucy. Good heavens! Julian!—How did you get into the garden?

Jul. Over the wall, by the help of the poplar tree.—And now, as one secret is worth another, I wish you would tell me how to get into the house.

Lucy. Nothing more easy: you know how Jack got into the giant's castle, by help of a bean-stalk.

Jul. It doesn't happen to be the season for scarlet-runners; so suppose you trip down and let me in.

Lucy. I admire your assurance. But run, run! papa is coming. *[She closes the window, and disappears.]*

Jul. Zounds! here will be the devil to pay, and no pitch hot! Where the deuce shall I hide myself? There nothing larger than a cabbage-leaf in the whole garden. I have it—I have it! The scarecrow that stands there to

frighten away the birds from the seeds—I'll make free with the frock and cowl, and tumble the monk into the well.

[*He puts on the frock and cowl, flings the wooden figure into the well, L. U. E., and places himself on the pedestal, R. S. E.*

Enter SIR MARMADUKE WESTERN from the house,
R. U. E.

Sir M. Now to see how my beauties get on. [*Putting on his spectacles, and advancing to the flower-stand, R.*] The Americans look pretty well; the carnations are not so much amiss, either; but the dry weather has played the devil with the tulips: my Emperor of Moroco is dying for want of a drop of water;—I must give him some, though it's contrary to gardeners' rules: it's impossible to see the poor fellow with that thirsty look, and not give him a sprinkle from the watering-pot. [*Going to the well, and beginning to wind up the bucket.*] How confoundedly heavy the bucket seems this morning! [*Julian steps off the pedestal, and steals into the house, R. U. E.*] What the deuce does it mean?—It grows heavier and heavier. [*Pulling up the bucket, with the figure standing upright in it.*] As I live, my scarecrow hermit! This is some knavery of that young villain's, I'll be sworn for it; he's not far off, either.

JULIAN appears at the window over the door, in the frock and cowl.

Jul. Heaven bless you, my son!

Sir M. [*Turning, and seeing Julian.*] I was sure of it! [*Threatening him.*] Oh, you little scoundrel!

Jul. Is that the way you speak to your ghostly father?

Sir M. Plague of my life! shall I never get rid of you?

Jul. Never, till you give me my little cousin, and her ten thousand pounds.

Sir M. Oh, yes, you shall have them; only just step down and open the door for me.

Jul. Thank ye, nunky; it's much better as it is.

Sir M. [*Calling.*] Jacob! Jacob! open the door!

Jul. [*Calling.*] Jacob! Jacob! open the door at your peril!

Sir M. Jacob, I say!

Jacob. [*Within the door.*] It's quite impossible, zur: Master Julian has double-loaded the blunderbuss, and swears he'll dead I the moment I offer to stir.

Sir M. I'll dead you all! only let me get at you!

Jul. Be cool, nunky.

Sir M. Be d——d, rascal!

Jul. I'll surrender upon good terms: allow the besieged to march out with bag and baggage, and the town's your's.

Sir M. Will you open the door?

Jul. Will you give me Lucy?

Sir M. [*Trying the door.*] Fire and fury! [*Julian pelts him with the flower-pots from above.*] I'll stand this no longer!

[*Pushing with all his force against the door, which gives way, and he rushes into the house.*]

Jul. The enemy has stormed our entrenchments; I must beat a retreat.

[*Flinging down the remainder of the flower-pots, and escaping.*]

Jacob. [*Crying out within.*] Oh, measter! measter!

Sir M. [*Within.*] Rogue! villain!

[*The scene closes quickly in the midst of the confusion.*]

4

SCENE III.—*The Library in Sir Marmaduke Western's House—a plaster figure as large as life, R.—a door, R. F.—a tall seven-day clock, L. F.—a window, L. S. E.*

Enter JULIAN and LUCY WESTERN, hastily, L.

Lucy. Run, run, Julian!

Jul. But where am I to run to?

Lucy. [*Throwing open the window, L. S. E.*] Jump out of the window.

Jul. Much obliged to you!

Lucy. Papa is so angry.

Jul. And the window is so high. But I've a scheme to outwit nunky yet.

[*Taking off the frock and cowl, and putting them on the plaster figure, R.*]

Lucy. What is he about now?

Jul. [*Crossing to the clock, L. F.*] Let me see. [*Taking a large clasp knife out of his pocket, and opening the clock-case.*] Oh, here it is.

Lucy. Gracious powers! Julian! you are not going to cut——

Jul. Yes, I am—the weight-lines of the clock; there won't be room for all of us, you know.

[*Cutting the weight-lines.*]

Lucy. Now, pray don't, Julian; this will make papa ten times more angry than ever. [*Aside.*] Why, he really has done it!

Jul. [*Holding up the weights.*] Yes, they're dead weights now, that's certain; so here they go.

[*Flinging them out of the window, L. S. E.*]

Sir Marmaduke. [*Without, L.*] Watch the door, Jacob; let no one pass.

Lucy. There he is—hide! hide!

Jul. [*Hiding in the clock-case, L. F.*]

Dickery dickery dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,
And down she ran,
Dickery dickery—

Lucy. Hide!

Jul. [*Slamming the door.*] Dock!

Enter SIR MARMADUKE WESTERN, hastily, L.

Sir M. [*Seeing the figure, which he mistakes for Julian.*] I have you, Mr. Hermit, have I? [*Aiming a blow at the figure, and knocking the head off.*] Amazement!

Lucy. Oh, poor Venus!

Sir M. The beautiful cast that came all the way from Rome! That scoundrel will be the death of me! Where is he, Miss Lucy? tell me this instant, that I may murder him, and end all my troubles.

Lucy. [*Pretending to cry.*] Oh! pa!

Sir M. Answer me—answer me, I say!

Lucy. I—I—I can't—speak!

Sir M. [*Crossing to L. S. E.*] The window open!—Has he jumped out?

Lucy. (R.) Ye—ye—yes, and bro—bro—broken—

Sir M. His neck, I hope to Heaven!

Lucy. No—no—not his—neck.

Sir M. His leg, at least; and then I may, perhaps, forgive him.

Lucy. No—not his—leg.

Sir M. What then? what then?

Lucy. The flower-stand below the door.

Sir M. The devil!—But he'll be hanged one day, that's one comfort yet; I know he'll be hanged!

Lucy. For sha—shame, papa; it's very—wicked of you to talk so. Oh! my poor cousin!

Sir M. I tell you what, miss—But, no, I won't put

myself in a passion ; I'll be cool—quite cool—curse him ! though if ever I catch him again, I'll wring his little neck off ! [*Julian sneezes in the clock-case.*] What noise was that ?

Lucy. Oh, it's only the monkey. Be quiet, Fritz !

Sir M. Yes, and Fritz has got into the clock-case, and played the devil with the clock—it doesn't go. Where's the key ?

Lucy. The key ?—Oh, I—I took the key.

Sir M. And what for, I should like to know ?

Lucy. To—to—to oil it ; the lock didn't go easily.

Sir M. But where is it ?

Enter JACOB, L.

Jac. There be the Dutch captain wants to see your wor-ship—Meinheer Hen and Ducks.

Sir M. Heinduck, you booby ; how often must I tell you that ? But send him up to me.

Jac. Here a be. [*Aside.*] Dang his Dutch impudence ! he never wants no introduction.

Enter CAPTAIN HEINDUCK, L.

Hei. Wie gehtes, mein heer ?—How sall he do dies morgen ?

Sir M. Glad to see you, captain. [*To Lucy and Jacob.*] Away with you both.

Jac. Ees, zur.

[*Exit, L.*

Lucy. [*Aside, going.*] Oh, my poor Julian ! how will he contrive to get out of this scrape ?

[*Exit, R.*

Sir M. Well, Heinduck, what's the news ?

Hei. Ich hab brought mein cargo over safe—stowed it snugly away in der old place, in der garten ; here's the invoice.

Sir M. Bravo, Heinduck ! you're the prince of smugglers. One more cargo like this, and I wash my hands of the free trade.

Hei. Der deyvel !—Warum ?—For was you gieb up making die geld—die money ?

Sir M. Because I've got enough, and don't want any more.

Hei. Mein heiligkeit ! Ich sall never hab here before of ein man what hab too much geld.

Sir M. That's because there are more fools than wise men in the world, captain. [*Intending to put the invoice into his pocket, he unwittingly drops it.*] But never mind

that now. If you'll come below to the counting-house, I'll give you a check; and when all's still at night, we can overhaul the cargo together.

Hei. Sehr wohl.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

Jul. [*Peeping out of the clock-case.*] Is the coast clear? [*Coming forward.*] Oh! 'nunky, nunky! this is the way you make your money, is it? yon, the Mayor of Southampton, too! [*Seeing the paper.*] What have we here?—I trust in heaven it's a bank-note: if it is, hang me if I don't turn smuggler myself. [*Opening the paper.*]

Re-enter LUCY, L.—Julian puts the paper hastily into his pocket.

Lucy. What, here you are still?

Jul. I wish to my soul you'd tell me how to get quietly away. Do you think I can venture out now?

Lucy. Hark! I hear steps upon the stairs.

Jul. Jupiter! it's our valiant cousin, Mr. Pestle! I'll stow myself away in the next room.

Lucy. No, no; that's my bed-chamber: what will they say if they should happen to find you there?

Jul. Say! why, that I'm a young gentleman of excellent taste and sound discretion, to be sure!

[*Exit into the bed-room, R. F.*]

Lucy. Really, Julian——

Enter MR. PESTLE, R.

You are welcome to Southampton, cousin; it is long since we have had the pleasure of your company.

Pes. It will be much longer before you have that pleasure again, I fancy.

Lucy. Indeed!

Pes. Yes, miss, indeed. Pray will you allow me to ask you one question?

Lucy. Twenty, provided you will allow me to answer them or not, as I think proper. But this is a strange salutation.

Pes. Well, then—[*Aside.*] It's an awkward question to put to a young lady. [*To Lucy.*] They tell me that you are very fond of little Fritz.

Lucy. No harm in that, I suppose.

Pes. Oh, it's natural enough—if he's your own.

Lucy. Mine! to be sure, he's mine.

Pes. [*Aside.*] She owns it!—Was there ever such brazen assurance!

Lucy. Cousin Julian gave him to me.

Pes. [*Aside.*] I'm perfectly confounded! [*To Lucy.*] And, no doubt, you think him a very handsome present.

Lucy. Oh, he's a little love!

Pes. [*Aside.*] Better and better!

Lucy. He's a sweet little fellow—a little darling! He does all but talk.

Pes. [*Aside.*] Prodigious!

Lucy. Would you like to see him?—He's in that room.

Pes. 'Pon my soul, I'm much obliged to you! there's not the least occasion. To let you into a secret, I'm not fond of little loves.

Lucy. What a cross-grained wretch you are, cousin Pestle! Oh, here comes papa.

Re-enter SIR MARMADUKE WESTERN, R.

Sir M. [*Crossing to c.*] Ah! nephew Pestle! I am heartily glad to see you again—had almost given you up; but you're just in time; and now Lucy may make up her mind whether she will have you or Simon.

Pes. (R.) I must decline the honour.

Lucy. (L.) Delightful!

Sir M. Hold your tongue, Miss Lucy. [*To Pestle.*] What's the meaning of this change? When you wrote to me a fortnight since, you sang to a very different tune.

Pes. Don't ask me for reasons; I never like to say rude things.

Sir M. Tilly vally, man: there must be no shuffling in a matter of this kind; I must know the why and the wherefore.

Pes. You insist?

Sir M. Yes, I insist.

Pes. Well, then, if you must know, the reason's in the next room.

Sir M. In the next room?

Pes. Yes; he's a little love—a little darling—and he does all but speak!

Sir M. What, he's there, after all? I'll have him out in a twinkling! [*Rushing into the bed-room, R. F.*

Lucy. Oh, you vile traitor!

Pes. It's no fault of mine, Miss Lucy. I never say rude things to any one; but—ahem!

Lucy. What, sir, what?

Pes. [*Going.*] Young ladies shouldn't have little loves in their bed-rooms. [*Exit, L.*

Lucy. I wonder what the silly fellow means ; he seems to have taken as great a spite against poor little Fritz as papa himself.

Re-enter SIR MARMADUKE WESTERN from the bed-room, R. F., pulling out JULIAN by the ear.

Sir M. I have you at last, thank Heaven ! and it now only remains to settle whether I shall drown you, hang you, or shoot you.

Jul. Just hear what I have to say first, nunky.

Sir M. Not a syllable.

Lucy. Dear papa——

Sir M. Not a whisper.

Enter JACOB with a letter, L.

Jac. Here be a letter for your worship.

Sir M. [*Taking it.*] Stand by the door, Jacob, and let no one pass.

Jul. Pray don't give yourself the trouble ; I shall not stir a peg till you've given me the hand of Lucy.

Sir M. Just wait a moment, you little villain, and I'll break every bone in your body !

Jul. Oh, I'm in no hurry ; take your own time.

Lucy. (c.) [*Aside to Julian, while Sir Marmaduke is reading the letter.*] For Heaven's sake, Julian. try and pacify papa : I never saw him so angry before.

Sir M. (L. c.) So, both your cousins have refused you : this is a letter from Simon.

Jul. (R.) Well, but I hav'n't refused her.

Sir M. [*Endeavouring to get at Julian.*] Stand out of the way, Lucy !

Jul. [*Taking out the invoice from his pocket, and reading from it.*] "*Invoice—the good ship Gretchen—Hans Heiuduck, commander.*"

Sir M. Eh ! what's that ?

Jul. [*Walking across, and reading from the invoice, while Sir Marmaduke follows, and endeavours to get the paper from him.*] "*Twelve pieces of blue silk—ditto white—ditto red—twelve cases of champagne.*"

Sir M. Give me that paper—give it me this instant !

Jul. (L.) No, Mr. Mayor ; I never give any thing, but I'll exchange with you, if you like : this little bit of paper for Lucy's hand. Come, be a good kind nunky for once, and I'll never tease you again—never—never !

Sir M. Was ever mayor so bitted and spurred before! Well, upon one condition—[*Aside.*] I may safely promise that, for the thing's impossible.

Jul. Name it—name it—any condition!

Sir M. In the first place, then, it isn't reasonable that Lucy should wait long for a husband.

Jul. I'll marry her directly.

Sir M. Nor is it reasonable that she should marry a midshipman. Now, if you can contrive to make a lieutenant of yourself before a twelvemonth's over——

Jul. Well!

Sir M. Why, then she's yours.

Jul. Twelve months!—Won't nine do?

Sir M. Well, nine be it.

Jul. Or seven?

Sir M. No, sir; I'll not bate you another minute: if by that time you can get a commission, you shall marry her.

Enter BARNEY FAGAN, R.

Bar. By the powers, thin, you may be aftler publishing the banns, ould gintleman; for here it is, spic and span new.

[*Handing a paper.*]

Jul. The deuce there is! It must come, then, through my old captain.

Bar. Jist so; the skipper has jist landed at the Sun.—“Barney,” says he——

Jul. Never mind what he said. Now, nunky——

Sir M. Beaten at all points! Well, Julian, in the hope that the young Lieutenant may be more steady than the young Reefer, you have my consent. [*Joining their hands.*]

Jacob. [*Capering joyfully about with Barney.*] Hurrah! I couldn't be more gladder if I was going to be married mysen!

Lucy. You consent, dear papa? Nothing, then, is wanting to our happiness.

Jul. [*Coming forward, c.*] Stand out of the way, nunky. [*To the Audience.*] I have gulled the old one nicely, hav'n't I? But, mum! now that I have cast off the white lapelle, and mounted the swab, order is the word. And now, my hearties—I beg pardon—I mean, ladies and gentlemen, I shall ask your hands presently; and when did a Briton ever refuse his hand to the seaman who had fought hard to win his favour? And hav'n't I fought hard?—

But, ladies, when I give the signal, see that every man stands by his gun, will you? Mind, no skulkers! Are you all ready? Now!

[He pipes the boatswain's whistle, while the curtain descends.]

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE
FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

FAGAN.

LUCY.

JULIAN.

SIR MAR.

JACOB.

R.]

[L.]

*Go. be returned to
Ship. S. Cape.*

THE END.



